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The Streets of Astapor

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Chapter 1 by Alex Fortier

A street urchin, looking to be around the age of six sits. There's the crate! He seems to have gotten lucky today. Every Thursday the Tavern Keep, tired from a good hard days work, piles the broken tankers, rotten apples, chairs, and sometimes a tattered pair of trousers. He waits and listens to the bard, and his final rousing of the populace fore the rum sets in. Splendid, his favorite!

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